

Clarksburg Telegram.

Devoted to Practical Information, Home News, Pure Politics, and the Development of West Virginia's Resources

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CLARKSBURG, W. VA., JANUARY 20, 1893

WHOLE NO. 1564

GEN. R. B. HAYES

President Of The United States Is Among The Living no More.

President Hays is lying severely ill at his home near Fremont, O. Neuralgia of the heart is the trouble, and considerable anxiety as to his condition prevails among his friends.

LATER.

FREMONT, OHIO, January 17.—President R. B. Hayes died at 10 o'clock to-night, but the information of his death was not received for some time later, as nothing was kept exceedingly near in the vicinity of the Hayes home. "On Monday, January 16, Gen. Hayes went to Columbus State University business stop with his niece, Mrs. Gen. Hayes. Thursday he left Columbus for Cleveland, where he had the university, with reference to securing an instructor to charge of the manual training department in the State University. He remained in Cleveland with his son Webb Friday afternoon, and left there Saturday, and left there Saturday afternoon for Fremont. He was driven in a closed car to Union depot where his son joined him and immediately entering the car he complained of cold and asked for blankets. He finally consented to leave the car, and went into waiting room, where stimulants were given him.

When he revived him that he had upon returning to the car saying he must go home, would rather die in Spiegel than he said, than live somewhere else."

After his return to the car he seized with violent pains in chest which lasted until after return home. He was treated for angina pectoris, but while relieved of distress his heart never recovered its vigor and life was suddenly terminated by paralysis of the heart.

"While lying in his own room frequently referred to a visit to his wife's grave on the preceding Sunday, and spoke of the quiet beauty of the snow-covered scene. He said he almost wished he was lying there by the side of his wife. It was all so peaceful, and yet he said, 'I am not unhappy. My life is exceptionally happy one.' His last words were: 'I know I am going where Lucy is.'"

The new Line to Wheeling.

If railroads were built by newspapers the woods would be full of them. The newspapers of Greene and Washington counties have been constructing on a line from Wheeling to Connellsville for the past year or so. The road is not built yet, but some very good judges say at its early completion is very possible. In confirmation of this comes the information that all the choice coal lands along the most feasible routes have been optioned. When the capitalists nowadays conclude to build a railroad they aim to get all there is in it, not only in the operation of the line itself, but also in its location and construction.

The people of Connellsville are interested in this project only so far as the coke region terminus of the road is concerned. Unless the terminus is here, the road cannot benefit our town much, though the region in general will profit by it.—Connellsville Courier.

Four negroes were hanged at Charleston, Md., on Friday for the murder of Dr. Hill.

An Awful Truth.

The great National Democratic organ, the *World*, in its Thursday's edition, throws some light on the present state of things in Democracy's camp. The following head lines from the *World* are suggestive: "All signs say WAR and a bitter struggle between CLEVELAND and the MACHINE." "The fight will begin over distribution of patronage." "Cleveland forces need Captains," &c. Then concerning the machine rule of the party the *World* says: "No Democrat has a fair field. Nobody can be a candidate for any office except by favor of an oligarchy which assumes the right to parcel out all the offices in the gift of the party in secret council to suit itself.

"No man can present himself as a candidate without the consent of this ring unless he is prepared to incur its hatred and revenge.

"Its arrogance has reached such a degree that it dares affront public sentiment by forcing the election and appointment of men to the highest offices who are notoriously unfit in qualifications and character. MAYNARD, SCANNELL, KOCH, and MURPHY are recent evidences of its impudence. The existing oligarchy is an incubus on the Democratic party."

The news comes from Cincinnati that the poor people of that city are suffering from the short supply of coal.

CUPID'S CAPERS

Romance in Real Life at Kingwood, W. Va.

[Kingwood Argus.]

About one year ago Miss Jennie Sybolt, a young lady of this place, who was a poor girl and worked for her living, answered an advertisement in a matrimonial paper and engaged in a correspondence with a young man named David A. Murphy, of Kaig's Mills, Washington county, Pa. The correspondence ripened into affection, and they exchanged photographs and mutual tokens of esteem. Neither had ever heard of the other before, or saw each other until last Friday, when the would-be groom arrived in Kingwood and stopped at the Preston House, where the expectant bride was awaiting him. They had become engaged by letter, and the understanding was that he was to come on, and if both were satisfied, get married at once. If not mutually satisfactory, no harm was done, and the courtship dropped. She is an exemplary church member and a splendid girl to work, and no one had anything against her, except that "she isn't handsome." But her faith in her lover was strong, and she never doubted but that he would come and marry her. He came Friday afternoon, and they met for the first time. Both were satisfied and the courtship brief, for the next day at 2 p.m. they repaired to the M. E. parsonage and were joined by Rev. M. W. Rider in the holy bonds of wedlock, and left on the 4 o'clock train for the home of the groom. Mr. Murphy is 34 years of age, "a real nice looking fellow," the girls all said. He claims to have a small farm and comfortable home of his own, and says that his mother, who has been keeping house for him, is getting old, and he needed a wife, and was well pleased with the bride from among the West Virginia hills. Some thought that when he saw the prospective bride he would not be satisfied with her appearance, for, as we said before, she is not pretty, but he seemed like a very sensible fellow and probably thought beauty is only skin deep anyhow.

AMERICA'S

Great Coke Region.

Statistics and Prices for 1892.

[Courier.]

The coke trade of the Connellsville region for 1892 is a record-beater, in spite of the discouraging conditions under which the manufacturer so often labored. The total output slightly exceeds that of the boom year of 1890. The prediction made in these columns several months ago, that the shipments of the region would reach 6,000,000 tons, is more than verified. The cash returns were not so great in 1890, but upon the whole the operators have reasons to congratulate themselves that they made so good a record, and that the prospects are encouraging for a good trade this year.

The aggregate output of the region for 1892 was 6,300,691 tons. At \$1.90, the quoted price of furnace coke, its value would be \$11,971,232. This estimate may seem a trifle high. It is an open secret that much furnace coke sold below the market rate during the year, and is still selling under \$1.90. Sales have been made as low as \$1.45 per ton, and \$1.50 to \$1.60 have been common prices. On the other hand, foundry and crushed coke have sold steadily up to quotations. Foundry coke has been in good demand right along throughout the greater part of the year. Crushed coke has increased in favor everywhere, and the crushers of the region have more orders than they can fill just now. The price of foundry coke is \$2.30, and crushed \$2.65 per ton.

In many of our large cities it appears that people are suffering with cold. There is a fuel famine.

The new Columbian postage stamps are very pretty but they require so much more licking.

Fanny Kemble, the famous English actress died in London Monday.

Mr. Gladstone, grand old man, has resumed his position at the helm of state in Great Britain.

The late Senator Kenna was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Charleston last Saturday. Father Marlborough who was recently stationed in Clarksburg, assisted in the funeral rites.

Hon. William G. Worley, of Kingwood, was honored with the nomination for President of the Senate by the Republican members. This was a just recognition of the services of a grand West Virginian.

The north-bound local, on the M. R. R. was badly wrecked near Maulsby bridge last Thursday, nine cars being derailed. Fortunately no one was hurt, although considerable damage was sustained by the railroad company, as it was necessary to call the section hands and also the B. & O. wrecking train in order to clear the track. The wreck occasioned a delay in traffic over the line for eighteen hours.—Shinnston Times.

The last issue of the *Buckhannon Delta* was under the management of its new editor, Will T. Burnside. Mr. Burnside startled the newspaper world by announcing that his references to the editorial inspiration will all be in the personal pronoun "I" instead of the "time honored" we. We have no objection, especially since he asserts that he came into the world alone and is "still single." The *Delta* is however one of our valuable exchanges.

REV. L. L. STEWART DEAD.

The many friends of Rev. L. L. Stewart, presiding elder of the Parkersburg district of the M. E. church, will be sorry to learn of his death at his home in Williams town on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, after an illness of several weeks.

Mr. Stewart was born in Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, in 1845. When he was fourteen years of age his parents removed to Wood county, this State, and engaged in farming.

He was well known in Clarksburg, and was an able man. His burial took place at Moundsville.

A dispatch to the *Register* on Sunday says: "The Great Rock Run gas well, which the local authorities were assured was securely plugged, let loose yesterday at West Union, driving people from their houses in the vicinity, where fires would have been death, and forcing the closing of the town school. Experts say that the well is flowing so strongly that it can not be plugged. The thermometer is near zero and the turned-out people are suffering greatly from exposure.

The only foundation for this wonderful story is the fact that the well is so near the country school house of that sub-district (not the 'town school') that the school had to be temporarily closed. People were not driven from their homes. It is a great big fake sent out by a Parkersburg reporter.

OUR OIL.

Good Territory by the South Penn. Co.

Mr. E. D. Cram, one of the best informed newspaper men on the subject of oil development, has the following in the *Pittsburg Commercial Gazette*, in a review of oil development:

"The South Penn Oil Company is also holding back another belt on account of no inducement to drill it. This latter is not, apparently, continuous in one sand, but is partly in the 'Big Injun' and partly in the Gordon. A great deal of careful 'geologizing' was done on this line during 1889 and 1890. Contrary to the accepted theories the first well was located on the Dodd farm in Marion county in September, 1889, on the east side of the anticline. This well was unfortunate and three holes were drilled before one was finally completed in the 'Big Injun' sand early in 1891. The well

PROVED A GOOD ONE, much to the surprise of nearly everybody.

Operations were then extended on the same line down through Marion and Doddridge counties, wells being drilled at intervals clear through to the Ritchie county line. These wells have not been opened to the public, but they have demonstrated the existence of a belt—which may be continuous, or broken by short intervals—which will furnish good wells from some of the various sands throughout its length. Several wells were drilled at various locations in Ritchie county, contemporaneous with Burning Springs in the early '80's, but none of these give promise of any great results in that county.

HARRISON COUNTY.

Still another line was followed down through Harrison county from Mannington, and that line will be heard from again, though the first wells were not successful. Thus it may be seen that West Virginia has three demonstrated, but undeveloped fields which are only waiting for an advance in the market.

RAILROAD BUILDING.

What Has Been Done In West Virginia The Past Year.

The following is the record of West Virginia in railroad building during the past year:

Baltimore & Ohio—Morgantown north to the State line, near Point Marion, Pa. 6 miles.

Cairo & Kanawha Valley—Near Cairo, towards Hughes' river 2. Charleston Clendennin & Sutton—Charleston to Clay county line, 15.5.

Fairmont Belt—From Monongahela Junction with B. & O. R. 0.8.

Huntington & Big Sandy—Guyandotte to Tenth street, Huntington, 3.4 miles, and Vinson to Kenova, 3.1 miles; a total of 6.5.

Norfolk & Western, on Ohio & West Virginia extension between Dunlow and Kenova, on main line 113 miles, Kenova belt line 1 mile, and on North Fork branch 1 mile, a total of 115 miles.

Ohio River—From Guyandotte to east line of Huntington, 5 miles.

Western Maryland—On Potomac Valley, end of track at Potomac river west to Cherry run, 1 mile.

West Virginia and Pittsburg—From Elk river bridge south to Camden-on-Gauley, 34 miles; from Newlon south to Pickens, 10 miles, total 34 miles.

Morris Gas Coal & Coke Co.—From Fall Run mines to M. R. R. near Clarksburg, 1 mile.

Total track laid 174.8 miles.

During the temporary absence of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fortney, who reside on Big Binghamton, a horrible accident occurred, which resulted in the death of their two-year-old daughter, Della. Mrs. Fortney was absent a few minutes at a neighbor's house and upon her return was confronted by the horrible spectacle of her child enveloped in flames, its clothing having caught fire from an open fire-place. The flames were immediately extinguished, and everything possible was done to relieve the suffering of the unfortunate child, but all in vain, until death released it on the following Tuesday evening.—Shinnston Times.

The Ohio gas fields are played out and the boom towns and the manufacturers who supported them are in a sorry plight. Friends, come over to Clarksburg and build your factories. If our great gas well should go back on you we are in the midst of the grandest coal field of this earth.

Two of our young men, who had been visiting some friends over the hills one evening last week, were followed by a panther while on their way home. The animal must have been surprised at the way those fellows disappeared.—Elk Garden News.

Old Aunt Sarah Gaddis, colored, died at the Poor House, Jan. 11, she was one of the oldest persons in Taylor county—said to be 120 years old. She will be buried on the poor farm.—Reform School Fountain.

On account of the severe weather nearly all the saw mills along the line of the West Virginia Central & Pittsburg railroad have shut down until March or April, and most of our prominent lumbermen have temporarily suspended operations.

An exchange states that one county in West Virginia now has 110 prisoners in jail. The county alluded to is Fayette. We are inclined to regard the statement as rather extravagant.

V. P. Chapin Dead.

Judge Virginius P. Chapin, who has been ailing for some time, suddenly passed from life to the great beyond on Tuesday at 2:30 p. m. He had been rendered almost helpless for many months by paralysis of his limbs but was able to sit in his chair and also ate a hearty dinner only about two hours before his death. Judge Chapin's father came from New England and located in Virginia at an early day. The Judge was the American Consul to the Navigator's Islands (now called Samoa) under President Buchanan's administration. While there he sustained a loss that has only recently been allowed by the U. S. Court of Claims, and now awaits a Congressional appropriation which will add several thousand dollars to his estate. Judge Chapin was a Royal Arch Mason and is well-known to the Masonic fraternity all over the State, as was attested by the large number of Masons who attended the funeral yesterday. He was never married and lived with his unmarried sisters in a comfortable home on Main street, adjoining the residence of Judge Goff.

AT REST.

MRS. MARY N. HART died suddenly about 12 o'clock Friday night at her home in this city. She had been complaining for several days but was not thought to be dangerously ill. Some time during the evening Doctors Morgan and Howell were called and remained but a short time. Near midnight she grew rapidly worse and expired before any of the near neighbors could be summoned.

The Hart family, at the time of the mother's death, was composed of her daughter, Miss Lillie, her two sons Charles M. and John B. Hart, and their married sister Mrs. Chas. J. Goff. The father, Mr. Ira Hart, it will be remembered died from injuries received by being thrown out of a carriage on Main street in 1879. The other daughter, Mrs. Wilson, lives in Pueblo, Colorado.

Mrs. Hart was known to all her friends as a gentle, amiable, noble woman, whose fondness for her children and home knew no bounds, while they, in turn, were as devotedly attached to her.

In her face there was a wealth of beauty that was fittingly characteristic of her life. No earthly words can portray the depth of sorrow that has come to that home now, robbed of its last jewel—mother. She is gone and to use Pope's words:

As into the air the pure spirits flow
And separate from their kindred ones below,
So flew her soul to its congenial place.

She was in her 66th year when death called her and since it seemed ordained that she should go from earth, it was certainly a great solace to her in her last moments, to realize that those whom she loved and for whom she lived—her children—were men and women whose lives are typical of all that is admirable in human endeavor. The friends and relatives heave the TELEGRAM'S deepest sympathy.

The above was hastily written in the office, but a more extended obituary by a life long friend of Mrs. Hart is now on our table and will appear in our next issue. —Ed.

Nothing could be more strikingly suggestive of the depth of poverty and misery in Great Britain than the fact that the Salvation Army in London is giving 40,000 farthing breakfasts a week to poor children. A farthing is half a cent, and when we consider that the necessities of life are as dear in England as in America the kind of breakfast supplied for a farthing may better be imagined than described.